







## THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY REV. J. F. PORTER DREW.

Gladness into that living home,  
To make us joyous, to make us gay;  
To make us smile, at evening, chime  
In their own home.

The smile with which the food we meet;  
Her husband's smiling from the stove;  
The sunny sky, that glens about,  
Where wished hearts, at evening, chime  
In their own home.

The smile with which the food we meet;  
Her husband's smiling from the stove;

"So holy seems it,

"This strange, of pure, sacred sweets,  
Such nests seem mean."

We're women, or, we men,  
I sometimes think—but often thought,  
Had I known—what a woman—what a man!

It's true, to be—she should be brought  
Away from home—he should be brought  
To change his mind.

It's true, he has, leaving word,  
Should ever from me; "he's leaving word,  
No amount of time will bring him back;

She paid his care,  
His eye should see—as "he deferred."

Drown me in tears.

But lovely food, such as the sun's kiss,  
With smiles and looks of love, we share;

Such doleful pose,

His sweetest love,

She is home!

She is home